

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hossp. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some
Enuie your great desertings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Maieftie,
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You conitue from the Breft of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest:
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hossp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Kneec,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, flood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:
And now (forfooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some frait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hossp. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State,
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeepe his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismis'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hossp. Not so, Sir Walter.
Wee'll with-draw a while:

Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

Hossp. And't may be, so wee shall.

Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor,
Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell,
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weakie,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Perton, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together: and indeede A
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and watlike Blunt;
And many moe Courtials, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, Sir Michell speed;
For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King
Dismisle his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and Falstaff.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Abov' yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leauces,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our casie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnkite
This churlish knot of all-aborred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Porrent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagg-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not fought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your looks
Of Faouour, from my Selfe, and all our House:
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In Richards time, and posted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune shewing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King

So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:

And from this warme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,

To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,

And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,

Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,

That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight,
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing

We were inform'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Heady

Whereby we stand oppos'd by lutch meanes,
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,

By vnkinde v'sage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth

Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

King. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosse, read in Churches,

To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye

Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes

Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want

Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time

Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,

If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world

In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize (see off his head,

I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant yong man

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds

For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chivalry.

And so I heare, he doth account me too,
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,

I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to haue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

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